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THE NEW UNITY

For Good Citizenship; Good Literature; and Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

VOLUME 41. CHICAGO, MARCH 31, 1898. NUMBER 5

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Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals or forts,

The warrior's name would be a name abhorréd!
And every nation, that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would bear forevermore the curse of Cain!

Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, "Peace!"

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies!
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.

—FROM LONGFELLOW'S "ARSENAL."

Alfred C. Clark & Co., Publishers, 185-187 Dearborn St.
Chicago.

PROGRAM

IOWA LIBERAL CONGRESS OF RELIGION

CO-OPERATING WITH THE

NATIONAL LIBERAL CONGRESS

TO BE HELD AT CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA, APRIL 26, 27, and 28, 1898.

TUESDAY, APRIL 26.

7:30 p. m.—Sermon—By H. W. Thomas, D. D., President of the Liberal Congress of Religion, Chicago.
Address—Mary A. Safford, Pastor of Unity Church, Sioux City.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 27.

MRS. ADAH VAN VECHTEN, Presiding.

9:00 a. m.—Devotional Service — Conducted by Charles Graves, Pastor of Unity Church, Humboldt.

9:30 a. m.—"Some Causes of Modern Unbelief."—N. S. Sage, D. D., Pastor of All Souls Church (Universalist), Charles City.

10:15 a. m.—"Optimism, as Vindicated by the Existence of the Hero-heart."—Arthur M. Judy, Pastor of the Unitarian Church, Davenport.

11:00 a. m.—"An Expurgated Christianity."—Sophie Gibb, Pastor of First Universalist Church of Boone.

11:30 a. m. until recess—Free Parliament upon preceding Papers.

12:15 p. m.—Recess.

THURSDAY, APRIL 28.

9:00 a. m.—Devotional Service—Conducted by John Mulholland, Pastor of the Independent Universalist Church, Iowa Falls.

9:30 a. m.—"Women's Clubs and the Church."—Mrs. Emma Van Vechten, President of the State Federation of Women's Clubs, Cedar Rapids.

10:00 a. m.—"The Church and Young Men."—P. M. Harmon, D. D., Pastor of the Independent Church, Spring Valley, Minn.

10:30 a. m.—Paper—"Higher Ethical Standards for the Home and Social Life." Rev. Mary Girard Andrews, Omaha, Neb.

11:00 a. m.—"Reciprocity: What a Church can do for a Community; What a Community can do for a Church." Rev. A. R. Tillinghast, Pastor of the Church of the Redeemer, Waterloo.

11:30 a. m. until recess—Free Parliament upon preceding papers.

12:15 p. m.—Recess.

One holy Church of God appears
Through every age and race,
Unwasted by the lapse of years,
Unchanged by changing place.

From oldest times, on farthest shores,
Beneath the pines or palm,
One Unseen Presence she adores,
With silence or with psalm.

Her priests are all God's faithful sons,
To serve the world raised up;
The pure in heart her baptized ones;
Love, her communion cup.

The truth is her prophetic gift,
The soul her sacred page;
And feet on mercy's errands swift
Do make her pilgrimage.

O living Church, thine errand speed;
Fulfill thy task sublime;
With bread of life earth's hunger feed;
Redeem the evil time!

—SAM'L LONGFELLOW

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 27.

JENKIN LLOYD JONES, Presiding.

2:00 p. m.—"Unity and Co-operation."—Chas. E. Perkins, Pastor of the Congregational Church of Keosauqua.

2:30 p. m.—A Free Parliament for the discussion of this subject, and enlarging into a general discussion of the kindred one, "The Fraternity of the Sects: What can we each contribute to the Spiritual Elevation of our Time?"

4:00 p. m.—"The Ideal Reformer."—Amos Crum, D. D., State Superintendent of Universalist Churches, Webster City.

RECESS.

7:30 p. m.—Sermon—Edmund M. Vittum, Pastor of the Congregational Church, Grinnell.

After the sermon, a reception will be tendered to the people from abroad by the membership of the Universalist Society.

"A Word of Welcome."—C. D. Van Vechten, Cedar Rapids.

"A Word in Response."—Ida C. Hultin, Pastor of the Unitarian Church, Moline, Ill.

THURSDAY, APRIL 28.

HON. JOHN M. REDMOND, Mayor of Cedar Rapids, Presiding.

2:00 p. m.—Address—"The Evils of Hasty and Unconsidered Legislation." Hon. J. H. Funk, Speaker House Representatives, Iowa Falls.

2:30 p. m.—"Poverty as a Social Factor."—A. G. Wilson, Pastor of Unity Church, Decorah.

3:00 p. m.—"A Cure for Poverty."—Prof. Hiram B. Loomis, Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill.

3:45 p. m.—"The Contribution of Judaism to Civilization."—Jos. Stolz, Rabbi Isaiah Congregation, Chicago.

4:30 p. m.—"The Public School as a Teacher of Morals and Patriotism."—O. J. Laylander, Superintendent Schools, Cedar Falls.

RECESS.

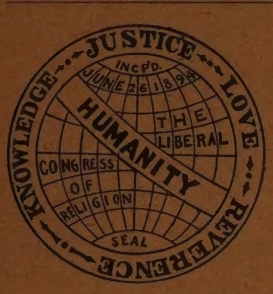
7:30 p. m.—Sermon—Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Pastor of All Souls Church, and Secretary of the Liberal Congress of Religion, Chicago.

"The Concluding Word."—Thomas B. Gregory, Pastor of the Church of the Redeemer, Chicago.

RAILROADS Cedar Rapids may be reached by The Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Northern, The Chicago & Northwestern, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, and the Illinois Central Railways. The exercises will be held in the Universalist Church, corner Third Avenue and Sixth Street, three blocks away from the Union Station. Reception Committee will be found at the church. For further particulars, inquire of the Local Secretary, J. H. PALMER, 520 Eighth Ave., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

THE NEW UNITY

VOLUME XLI. THURSDAY, MARCH 31, 1898. NUMBER 5



TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion, to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in oganization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future.
—*From Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.*

Editorial.

"No ship has ever before been christened as this has been. Not with hot intoxicants, according to the custom of pirate Vikings clad with the skins of wild beasts, but with sparkling water from the springs which quenched the infant thirst of him who gave freedom to a race and saved our country from destruction.

"Whether under calm and cloudless skies or struggling with tempest and wave, whether in peace or war, there shall hover over it, not the spirit of alcohol, which has destroyed so many lives, desolated so many homes, and caused the shedding of so much blood and so many tears, but the spirit of Kentucky's noblest son, the grandest man in all the tide of time, symbolized by God's gift to man, that which causes the earth to yield its fruits and harvest, which cleanses and purifies, which quenches the thirst of the living, and relieves the parched lips of the wounded and dying."—FROM THE SPEECH OF GOVERNOR BRADLEY ON THE CHRISTENING OF THE NEW NAVAL SHIP KENTUCKY.

We print as our editorial motto this week an extract from the speech of Governor Bradley, of Kentucky, delivered on the occasion of the launching of the warship named after his state. His daughter, who was honored with the christening ceremony, refused to use the conventional champagne, and broke instead the bottle that contained the pure water brought from the Kentucky spring near the birthplace of Abraham Lincoln. This is one more sign of the times. Let the colleges and society, with their polite conventions, eschew the damaging and the damning stuff, and we will begin to make better headway in the most fundamental of our reforms against the most terrible of our foes.

Rev. Solon W. Bush was the editor of the *Christian Register* when the present editor of THE NEW UNITY first reached Boston in 1868. He occupied that position for nine years, and his face has been a familiar and favorite one wherever the Unitarians of the East have gathered. In the ripeness of his years he has passed on. In his death, as in that of Prof. Joseph Henry Allen, a familiar and loved figure disappears.

Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, has introduced into the United States Senate a bill prohibiting the further exportation of the plumage of birds for decorative purposes to America, and interdicting the sale of the same. This is but following the legislation in the same direction in Europe, and we hope that it will receive prompt endorsement in both houses and become a law. In these days of great issues, these small voices are significant, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these little ones, ye have done it unto me."

Among the foreign men of note that are coming to the University of Chicago next summer for summer work, are Dr. Caspar Rene Gregory, professor of theology at the University of Leipzig, who is characterized as the legitimate successor of the great Tischendorf, and Professor Bonet-Maury, professor of church history in the University of Paris. Professor Maury will be remembered as the progressive representative of Paris at the Parliament of Religions. He has written several works on the history of Unitarianism in England and elsewhere, and is an earnest and avowed liberal, with strong affiliations with the Unitarians of England and America.

The current number of the *Woman's Journal* has a graphic sketch of Mrs. Estelle Reel, state superintendent of public instruction for Wyoming, who is now in Washington clearing up some land business in connection with the public schools of Wyoming. She is said to have the best-managed office in the state, and has won her present position by faithful service in the schoolroom. The educational forces of America are daily becoming more and more the molding power of American life. The schoolmasters and school-mistresses are working their way into the heart of the matter, and are beginning to realize that not the three "R's," but the three graces, are the fundamental quest of education.

Archbishop Ireland, referring to the pitiful Catholic priest who took advantage of a funeral to vent

his spite against the United States, has said some noble things. Among the rest, he assures us that the pope will use his offices for peace, and never to encourage war against a Protestant nation. "No true American Catholic will talk of espousing the cause of Spain against that of his country because the former is a Catholic nation."

The many readers of THE NEW UNITY, who from time to time have been touched by the gentle pathos and subtle mystic faith of "Pastor Quiet" in the columns of this paper, will not wonder that Frances Willard, in the restlessness of her suffering, reached towards him. Her dear friend, Anna Gordon, writing of her last days, in the *Union Signal* of March 10th, says: "On Tuesday, the 15th, Miss Willard became extremely restless, and piteously begged us to take her to the home of her friend, Mary Lathbury, in the suburbs of the city. She spoke of Rev. John M. Scott, author of a devotional book, 'Kindly Light in Prayer and Praise,' which she had greatly enjoyed studying, and wished he might come to see her. So earnest was this desire that we at once sent him word, but by the time he reached the hotel Miss Willard's condition was so critical that Doctor Hall felt the interview should be postponed until the next day." At the noon hour of the night of Thursday, the 17th of February, Frances Willard closed her eyes in death and opened them to whatever of glory and of beauty awaits the helper of men and the lover of purity in the beyond.

In the death of Joseph Henry Allen, not only the Unitarian denomination, but the cause of scholarship has lost a noble representative. As preacher, editor, professor, lecturer, and author, Mr. Allen has won respect and fame. He is one of the last of that group of scholars that made the *Examiner* famous. For many years he was professor of history in the Cambridge Divinity School, and his little books on "Christian History" and "Outlines of Christian History" are models of clearness. Mr. Allen was more than a scholar, a man of genial nature, whose culture made him progressive on all lines and kept him forever young. He was always a warm friend of THE NEW UNITY, a sympathetic student of the movements it has represented; and our readers during the last twenty years have often profited by his wisdom. Mr. Allen was by birth a teacher. He belonged to a family of schoolmasters. The lamented William F. Allen, whose life is so deeply written into the history of the University of Wisconsin, was a brother. Whatever has been best and most progressive in the thought of New England in the last hundred years has borne the impress of the Allens. In common with a multitude of others we say, Farewell, good friend and mentor, guide, and companion.

The English can carry heavier names than we like in America. "The National Home-Reading Union" is rather a formidable name, and still it is a very practical working out of an ideal which, in one form or another, has expressed itself in many American societies. The Chautauqua Circles and its brood of regular and irregular children represent the American end of this Union, the aims of which are set down as follows:

To guide readers of all ages in the choice of books.
To unite them as members in a great reading guild.
To group them, where possible, in circles for mutual help and interest.

To help along this work there is a "monthly magazine" and a "book list" published by the society, and it is groping toward summer holiday work. The work is divided into "The Young People's Section, The General Course, and the Special Course." Honorary membership is acquired by the payment of ten shillings sixpence, or upwards, which will entitle the members to the complete book list and the magazines of all three sections. This society has already prepared a pocket volume of selections from the writings of Robert Browning, accompanied with some well-planned notes—notes that help by giving information, not theories. Altogether, it is a society in which NEW UNITY readers will be much interested, and acquaintance with its work will be profitable. A little less than three dollars will make one an honorary member, but those wishing to look further into it will doubtless receive printed matter concerning it gratuitously by addressing the Secretary, N. H.—R. U., Surrey House, Victoria Embankment, London, W. C.

Mr. Sunderland's article in the March number of the *New World* on "Christian Missions in India: Will India Become Christian?" has been pamphleted, and where it may not go in its rich settings of the *New World* (and it ought to go far in that way), we trust it will have a still farther and wider distribution in this lighter form. It is very instructive, and, to our mind, exceedingly fair in its handling of facts and farseeing and inseeing in its conclusions. As to the success of Christian missionaries up to the present time, he tells us that out of a population of two hundred and ninety million, four times as great as that of the United States, only two million five hundred thousand are Christians now, while two hundred and ten millions are Hindus; and Christianity, in one form or another, has been knocking at the door of India ever since the second century of the Christian era. Mr. Sunderland counts the causes for this slow gain. Among these he enumerates the theological and ecclesiastical assertions of the Christianity offered by the missionaries. The infallibilities and the miracles, the trinities and incarnations of Christianity are tame and poor compared to the

native product born out of the more subtle and metaphysical Hindu mind. The endless hell and selfish heaven, and the dual division therein involved, is resented by a more humane impulse from the within. But worse than this is the sad entailment of so-called "Christian countries" upon the people of India, the almost universal drink habit of the English people in India, which led the Archdeacon of Bombay to say, "For every Christian we have made in India, we have made one hundred drunkards;" the awful inroads of the opium habit, pushed as a "lucrative government monopoly," and the terrible social impurity introduced by the English soldiers and others which has contaminated to a fearful degree native standards and home purity. Add to all this the humiliating fact that "all the denominations send their narrower men into the missionary field," and we have the outward influences that have checked the growth of Christianity. But there are still more internal reasons which Mr. Sunderland fully recognizes, the power of the great historic faiths, whose roots are woven into the very fiber of the souls of the people for thousands of years. This has already brought to maturity, in many ways, the rare fruits of wisdom, sanctity and sanity. At the present time Christianity is not reaching the higher elements in India, whether they be Hindu, Mohammedan, Parsi, or Buddhist. But Christianity, as the religion of the aggressive and progressive races, as the religion most allied to the triumphs of science and art, is interesting these elements, and by means of the mutual study carried on by the wise men of the East and the West, there will come, not a substitution of one religion by the other, but a coalition, harmony, a mutual appreciation that will leaven and refine each religion in its own field, and bring about that universal religion of breadth, toleration, practical application, and natural foundations which will draw its warrant from the Hindu and Christian sources alike. This is the synthesis that we try to stand for and seek to advance.

Sincerity and the Creed.

In the February 5th *Outlook* appeared an editorial entitled "To Liberal Ministers," in which occurs the following sentence:

> Unitarianism, parting company with the Evangelicalism, which had become too dogmatic and intellectual, passed by successive stages from the spiritual liberalism of Channing into a transcendental Theism, a frigid Deism, and finally an ostentatiously undevout Ethical Culture.

Later along in the article there appears this advice to the liberal minister, wherever he may be:

> We say, therefore, to every liberal minister in a conservative church, Stay where you are and preach the truth as God gives you to see the truth, without fear, without favor.

These two paragraphs, with the context, inspired an impassioned reply of Rev. J. H. Crooker in the Unitarian pulpit of Troy, N. Y., which reply has been put in pamphlet form entitled, "A Plea for Sincerity." The reply stings the *Outlook* to an indignant retort in its issue of March 19th. In this retort we read:

> It is not the custom of the *Outlook* to defend either itself or *any of its* editors. We have other and more important work to do. But we resent with some indignation this charge that all l berals in the pulpits of conservative churches are dishonorable men, and this calm assumption that in churches other than those called "liberal" "no freedom of growth or progress is allowed." The latter proposition is simply not true. The orthodox Congregationalists have no creed, and every Congregational pastor is absolutely free to teach the truth as he sees it. To this he is pledged, and to nothing else. For his teaching no one has any right to call him to account except his own church; and there is no standard by which he can be tried except the standard of the conscience interpreting both the Bible and the history of the Christian consciousness in the Christian Church. This is equally true of the Baptist churches, which taken collectively impose on each church no subscription to any creed.

It will be seen that the two paragraphs above quoted which gave rise to Mr. Crooker's indignant protest are two very different, and not necessarily related propositions, and he who would understand this controversy would do well to consider them separately. The first paragraph is, to say the least, an unfortunate bit of rhetorical bathos quite unworthy the high literary and philosophic standards of the *Outlook*, or the preacher of Plymouth pulpit, whom Mr. Crooker assumes is the author of the offending editorial, and the assumption does not seem to be denied. Here is a pileing up of the *odium theologicum* with a vengeance. What is the matter with "transcendental theism?" Is it something so awfully bad? We know not where to look for illustration and exemplification of the thought of the transcendent God, or of the inspiration realized in Emerson and his associates of the so-called transcendentalist movement, than among the ministers and the writers worthily represented by Dr. Abbott himself.

And then there is "Frigid Deism." What is here meant? Is it anything more than the calling of bad names such as theologians are skilled in? We had supposed that "Deism" was an obsolete term belonging to the last rather than to this century. Certainly the freezing characteristics are not limited to any form of faith or non-faith. Surely there is an abundance of cold territory among those who profess to believe in hot creeds. And then there is the last goblin, "ostentatiously undevout Ethical Culture." Ethical Culture may have its limitations, and that it has failed to reach its ideal in character or in organization none are more ready to admit than the friends who represent this movement. But that it is "ostentatious" or "undevout" we do not believe, and the phrases cannot have been written with such men as Adler, Salter, Sheldon, Mangasarian and their associates in mind. Unitarianism may not be responsible for the Ethical

Culture movement, and may disclaim relationship; but if such was the fact there is here no cause for shame, but on the other hand to be proud of its children. Rather let us hope that orthodoxy may continue in its development until it also puts *primal emphasis* where the revered Master put it when He said, "Not every one that saith unto Me, 'Lord, Lord,' but he that doeth the will of the Father that hath sent Me." We are glad to note that the *Outlook* does not attempt to make any defense for this slip of the editorial pencil. The most charitable thing to think of it is that it is a bit of careless and hasty writing, unworthy the paper and not representing the real spirit and tone of the editor-in-chief, whose real attitude towards these movements is better interpreted by the whole trend of his tolerant, appreciative and progressive spirit.

The second paragraph is more thought provocative, and raises one of the most perplexing and searching questions in religion to-day; one that is to receive more thought and cause more unrest in the first quarter of the twentieth century than it has in even the last quarter of the nineteenth century. It is the ever old and ever new question of how can the growing soul adjust itself to the environment that grows less rapidly. Shall the protest be made on the inside or from the outside? We think it is but fair to both parties in this controversy to note that Mr. Abbott, as much as Mr. Crooker, calls for sincerity. He, with Mr. Crooker, insists that the preacher shall "preach the truth as God gives him to see the truth, without fear and without favor." In answer to a later question from Dr. Savage, calling for a single instance where "any institution ever reformed itself from the inside," the *Outlook* further explains itself by these confident assertions:

> Luther did not leave the Roman Catholic Church; he would have remained in it, but was turned out from it; Wesley did not leave the Anglican Church; he remained in it and died in it. Jesus Christ and Paul did not leave the Jewish Church; they would have remained in it, but were turned out from it. We would have every liberal follow their example, and no conservative church follow the example of the Jewish Church, the Roman Church, and the Anglican Church. In a true sense, Christianity, Lutheranism, Puritanism, and Methodism were all reforms of the church from the inside. They would have been still more effectual reforms had it not been for the spirit of heresy-hunting and schism.

But Mr. Crooker remembers the ordination vows, and claims that whenever a minister has

> Outgrown the creed, and rejects essential and important parts of it, the only honorable course is to leave that pulpit. There must be no hesitancy, no quibbling, no duplicity.

That it is possible for many men to stay inside of fellowships from which the creed would exclude, and still retain their honesty, we are compelled to believe by the best of evidence, because we have known men, brave and true, who do this.

Normal growth of spirit is not in lines, but in enlarging circles, and the larger circle, while it throws one arc ahead of its creed, throws another arc deeper into it. It was Dr. Hedge, himself, the valiant Unitarian who, some years ago, said at the Unitarian anniversaries that "Athanasius was more nearly right than Arius, inasmuch as the threefold manifestation of the former was nearer to the manifold manifestation of God than the dogmatic unity of the latter." These liberal men inside of orthodoxy may realize, as some of the come-outers do not, that the deep water is still in the middle of the stream, and that while the letter of the creed would throw them out, the spirit that produced creeds, and bears creeds on its bosom, and modifies creeds, holds them in. It is one thing to move into an inhospitable creed, quite another to have been born within and to have grown with it and beyond it.

The controversy between the *Outlook* and Mr. Crooker has added no solution to the problem. The paradox still remains that, while some men, in order to be honest, must move out, other honest men can work out, and do work out, both the spirit and the letter of freedom from the within. We believe in both methods, and history vindicates both; and the antagonism is not so great as it seems, if, in every case, honesty is maintained, if the good time indicated by the *Outlook* has come when the churches will refuse to cast out their growing children, these same children will soon be able to bless the tolerant mother by helping her to build a more hospitable creed-house for her children. Let it be remembered with encouragement that the "indignation" manifested on both sides in this controversy is an indignation in the interest of sincerity and outspokenness. This is the thing demanded by both writers, and it was Dean Alford, the representative of a high and close ecclesiasticism, a man vowed to many creeds, that furnished Mr. Crooker his poetical climax, which, I doubt not, would be quoted with equal heartiness by the editor of the *Outlook* and the oracle of Plymouth pulpit. This is the thing to do; how to do it, and in what fellowship, or with no fellowship at all, the individual soul must decide. Whether on the inside or on the outside, the sincere souls will strike hands and work together for the things they hold in common.

> Speak thou the truth. Let others fence
> And trim their words for pay;
> In pleasant sunshine of pretence
> Let others bask their day.
>
> Guard thou the fact; though clouds of night
> Down on thy watch-tower stoop;
> Though thou should see thine heart's delight
> Borne from thee by their swoop.
>
> Face thou the wind; though safer seem
> In shelter to abide;
> We are not made to sit and dream;
> The life must first be tried.

No man can do anything well, who does not esteem his work to be of importance.—*Emerson.*

Notes by E. P. Powell.

It is a disgrace to American character to undertake to hide the real question we have with Spain behind the blowing up of the Maine. We could settle a question of that sort by arbitration, or even content ourselves with a money compensation for an insult to national honor and the loss of national property. But there is one thing that we cannot settle in any such manner, and that is the assassination of a people, the ruin of our neighbor's property, and the bringing of fire, sword and pestilence upon a helpless people. We are sorry to say that the Maine question is the most important in the minds of the majority of the people of America, and that they are more ready to rush to war, owing to this grievance and outrage, than for the protection of helpless neighbors. Is it not time for us to ask, What is the real quality of our national character? Have we more grit than grace, more pluck than generosity?

The two greatest political errors of the latter part of the nineteenth century have been the narrowed conception of the Monroe Doctrine, and the effort to carry on commercial warfare with all the rest of the states of the world. We have pointed out in THE NEW UNITY the important historic fact that the original Monroe Doctrine was a proposition, on the part of England, to stand side by side with the United States in perpetual resistance to the aggressions of Bourbonism and despotism. This grand doctrine was narrowed down to the impudent assumption of our right to dictate the policy of the Western Hemisphere. By commercial warfare we have undertaken to protect our own industries at the cost, and to the irritation, of other great nations. The result is that European nations are suspicious of what they call Yankeeism, and very naturally so. Our national policy must be established hereafter on a larger spirit of national fraternalism. But, above all things, we must remember that an Anglo-Saxon federation is the most natural political alliance.

The candidacy of John Wannamaker for the governorship of Pennsylvania will be watched by all honest citizens with keen interest. He stands for clean politics. And it is a struggle against the boss in perpetual rule. We do not believe that parties can exist without leaders, but the problem now is, shall the people be allowed to select their own leaders, or must they submit to the dictation of the ring element, which is, for the most part, identical with the saloon element. There is no escaping the conviction that there is a great struggle between the good element in American life and the bad element, to shape our destiny. Good luck to John Wannamaker!

Some of the papers are saying, and they say it with justice, that the present cordiality of England toward the United States is due, in large measure, to the glorious character and the fine manhood of our late ambassador, Thomas F. Bayard. A statesman is he with hardly a peer in the present annals of America. This is probably not an overestimate of the man, but at the same time we must not overlook the fact that England and America are substantially one in interest, whenever there is a clash with despotism. The probabilities are that the two countries will blend more completely in their interests hereafter. We had but one struggle with England, and that ended in 1823.

A movement is on foot simultaneously in several states to establish farm colonies for the placing of youthful offenders—those who at present are sent to jails and penitentiaries, where they are not only confirmed in crime, but invariably made worse. The object of the farm colony is to teach the young waif horticulture, agriculture, and other useful industries, and send him back to society a better man, and better fitted to take his place as a citizen. This is not all of it; the boy will be qualified to become a bread-winner instead of robbing others of the fruit of their industry. By all means encourage the farm colony. It has been suggested by Mr. Booth as a relief for poverty; it seems to be equally well adapted to relieve society of minor criminals.

"The Obligation of Wealth" was the title of ex-President Harrison's discussion before the Union League Club of Chicago. He discussed the question of how wealth should best conduct itself in order to satisfy the people. We believe that neither Mr. Harrison nor Mr. Carnegie has gone to the bottom of this matter. The real point is not what shall the wealthy do with the enormous sums which have of late been amassed by the few, but how shall they put an end to this concentering of property, and inaugurate a system whereby it shall be more equitably distributed among all honest people. This phase of the problem we should not expect to be discussed by millionaires. But it will be discussed, and the problem will be solved, without hesitation, by the American people. What we wish to know is some method whereby the tendency to create both millionaires and tramps shall be put an end to. Meanwhile, we enter a protest against the conclusion of these magnates, that a few men are born to be capitalists and as such control the vast bulk of the nation's property. This is only a new phase of the *Dei gratia* doctrine, which has been abolished by the Republic.

"The man most man, with tenderest human hands, works best for men."

The Liberal Congress.

Hospitable to all forms of thought: Everyone Responsible for His Own.

The Great.

Around me often, when the twilight fades,
Come figures giant-brained, heroic-hearted;
In ghostly vigil rise the Great Departed,—
Of earth's most valiant-souled the deathless shades.

They stand upon a background glory-walled,
Returned a little from the fields Elysian.
As saw the Tuscan in sublimest vision,
So I see these—and stand enrapt, enthralled.

They move before me with majestic tread,
Alive again! for me anew-created;
In mind and figure rehabilitated.
Though gone from earth the great are never dead.

The Great? Who are the Great? From distant climes,
From years that mold with age and torture's wailing,
Within my ken a weary host come sailing,—
The grave gives up old "heroes" of old times.

Eastward with pomp, from Macedonia's gate,
Seeking what Asia to his lust might pander,
I see the drunken glutton, Alexander,
Cruel and vicious, gain his laurel, "Great."

Thin-visaged, thundering at earth's western door,
I see great Julius in Transalpine valleys.
How flee the Gauls at his majestic sallies!
How faint they at the fearless front he bore!

Men hail him as he heads his cavalcade,—
"O Cæsar! where the warror that can match you!"
But, shivering at the base of Pompey's statue,
I see the rent the envious Casca made.

Fighter of battles, not in cause of Right,
But to his kingdom to add lands and oceans,
Peter of Russia—fertile in high notions,
Fertile in baseness—ranges into sight.

Near him, great Frederick, Prussia's lofty man,
Great in his will-power—great in his excesses!
Little, in all that elevates and blesses;
Breaker of treaties, liar and charlatan.

The slaughterer of hordes unveils his face—
Napoleon, the dazzling and tremendous!
What Power, what Progress, did his blood-reign lend us?
A ruined country, an impoverished race!

Thus sadly come they—from years old and late—
A wan, deluded army, vulture-haunted,
The host a world's mad dream has hero-vaunted,
Playing their life-part out—"the brave," "the Great."

Alas! how little in them all I see
Of what we call the gracious, the diviner!
Than all this brutehood is there nothing finer?
Oh, turn we where sublimity may be!

Yea, hither, hither come, O Persian Saint,
O Buddha of Nepaul, O Syrian Jesus!
No longer deeds of blood and conflict please us;
For heights of soul—for love—our spirits faint.

For those who from life's discords brought a tone
Of richest truth and harmony to greet us;—
Pythagoras, Isaiah, Epictetus,
Saviours in every era, every zone;

For Seneca, Contentment's messenger;
For Socrates, of all souls lofty, breezy;
The Nature-lover, Francis of Assizi;
Aurelius, the inward ponderer;

The early scientists of Nile and Greece,
Our own rare searchers, Humboldt, Darwin, Spencer.
Above them all there waves the golden censer
Whose fragrance stills life's harshnesses to peace.

Yea, those are mortal; these, immortal ones,
The world's unselfish, its true blessing-bringers,
Its painters, sculptors, freedom-lovers, singers,
Its Shaksperes, Burnses, Lowells, Emersons,

And so of all the myriad "nameless," men,
The faithful women, lovers of self-giving,
Who lived for something higher than mere living,
And, losing, have yet doubly gained again!

These are the heroes men to-day adore,
These are the valiant ones above all story;
This is the pathway to the modern glory
Which down the years with added power shall pour;

The Greatness that the world shall recognize
In conquest over all its pain and sinning,—
The Love which was not at earth's far beginning,
But now is here, and saves and sanctifies.

JAMES H. WEST.

Funeral Services Among Plain People.

In one of Rudyard Kipling's most remarkable stories he refers to certain English funeral rites as "semi-pagan," and though the epithet may seem a trifle rough it must, nevertheless, be admitted that many of the funeral customs observed by English-speaking people are to be regarded more as matters of fashion than as the outcome of sound thinking. Though such customs are considered delicate matters for discussion, there are, perhaps, some suggestions to be made that may appeal to certain persons who are dissatisfied with the present state of things. To such persons the present article is addressed.

There are three principal things which we should try to do after a man dies; first, we should try to show respect for his character and express our regret at the parting; second, we should attempt to dispose of his body in the most sanitary and economical manner possible; third, we should try to comfort and help the living.

Let us see how we may best accomplish these objects. To show our respect for the dead, nothing has been devised that is so appropriate as a memorial service held in the house where the dead man had his home, though, of course, necessity obliges us to hold such services in larger places for men who have lived a very public life. For this memorial service the presence of the dead body is in no way necessary, nor, to the idea of many persons, is it even desirable. In most cases, the dead present a very unnatural appearance, which lingers forever afterward in the memory of those who looked thereon. Have you never carried away a horrible remembrance of the wax-like face of your friend lying in the padded, unnatural coffin? Would you not much rather forego the doubtful gratification of a last look, and remember him as you last saw him in life? Has not custom dragged you up to and past the open coffin? Do you not feel that the mere acquaintances who go to funerals are staring at the dead man, not out of respect, but through a desire to gratify a morbid curiosity and to have something to gossip over? Do not these questions all lead to the conclusion that the body of the dead had best be kept out of the memorial service? If an intimate friend or relative wishes to see it, he can do so in some quiet room before or after the service, but do not force any one to go who does not wish to. For the actual memorial service, a gathering of friends, relatives and neighbors is a fitting tribute to the dead, for which purpose the presence of a coffin or a dead body is not necessary. The body itself can be removed before or after the memorial service, as it ought to have no actual connection with it. The removal should be done in the quietest manner possible, with no parade of sepulchral hearse, nodding plumes, and the

other pagan paraphernalia. A plain-covered undertaker's wagon, followed by a carriage or two in which are those who were nearest to the dead man in life, leaving the house quietly in the early morning, the late evening, or even night, would, perhaps, prove the most suitable way of the final disposal of the dead.

When this takes place has no reference to the memorial service, which, I repeat, has no actual connection with the disposal of the corpse.

The body itself is most hygienically and most economically disposed of by cremation. The services at the grave or the crematory — if any are wanted — should be of the simplest character.

As for the memorial services, they, too, had best be simple. There is one point in connection with them that may be mentioned. Ministers, especially in cities, very often know little or nothing about the actual character and life of the man they speak about, and so their remarks are sometimes of an unsatisfactory nature. There is good to be spoken of every one that ever died or shall ever die, and the dead man's memorial service is surely a fitting place to mention his good deeds. How to get at them is the question. As far as the average, plain, everyday mortal is concerned, we may say that his character and actions are noticed only in very general terms. To remedy this defect, it is proposed to send out immediately after a man's death, a written request of a half a dozen of his intimate friends, asking them to answer the following, or similar questions, and send their replies at once to the officiating clergyman. The questions are:

1. What did this man's (or this woman's) life mean to you? What good traits were especially prominent in his character? Have you found in him anything of honesty, faithfulness, patience, truth, kindness, charity, true ambition, or courage? If you have, speak of these things.

2. If you can recall any incident of his life that we, who are left behind, may think on with comfort and profit, will you kindly mention it?

To answer such questions would be a pleasure and a profit to a true friend, and would help the living as much as it would honor the dead. With a half dozen well-answered letters at his disposal, the minister could make a memorial service that would be help and comfort to all his hearers. Every friend who answered would doubtless think of some little characteristic incident that the grieving family would be glad to hear about. The good deeds of our famous men are jealously gathered up and preserved, but we should not forget to do what we can to keep before us the best parts of the lives of the plain persons who make up the work-a-day world.

Such are the suggestions I would make in regard to our funeral customs. Should any reader find help therein to lead him to believe in a simple, quiet service, and a hygienic, simple burial, this article has not been written in vain.

A. C. BEEBE.

Savanna, Ill.

The secret of success is concentration; wherever there has been a great life, or a great work, that has gone before. Taste everything a little, look at everything a little, but live for one thing. Anything is possible to a man who knows his end and moves straight for it, and for it alone. — *Olive Schreiner.*

The Word of the Spirit.

"Get thee up into the high mountain; lift up thy voice with strength: be not afraid

A Plea for Peace Among the Nations.

A Sermon Preached in All Souls Church, Chicago, by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, March 27, 1898.

"And they shall beat their swords into plowshares,
And their spears into pruning-hooks;
Nation shall not lift up the sword against nation,
Neither shall they learn war any more."

Isaiah II:4.

In these perturbed days, when it seems as though the nations were mad with a passion to fly at one another's throats, when patriotism flames into indignation, and even the United States, the government that by location, organization and education is farthest removed from war and the spirit of the warrior, is urged on by press and pulpit to bloodshed, it is well to consider calmly the main question, the fundamental principles involved.

Let us ask, What is war? Is it ever justifiable? If so, when and how are we to escape it?

What does war mean? To take the simplest and lowest answer, it means incalculable destruction of property, not exchange, but absolute destruction. War reduces the stock of human accumulations; it lowers the deposits in the banks of civilization. A recent computation says:

"If no men were lost and no ships destroyed, a first-class battle on the sea at the present time would cost for ammunition alone between two and three million dollars. The magazines of the Maine were only about half filled when she went down, but she carried two hundred and fifty tons of powder. The average full equipment of a big battleship is about seven hundred tons. It is estimated that it requires thirty thousand tons of powder to fill the magazines even of our own navy, which in these days seems to be so small."

A recent number of the *Evening Post* reminds us that our national debt rose from sixty-five million dollars in 1860 to two billion seven hundred million in 1866; that is, our last war cost us two billion six hundred and thirty-five thousand over and above the revenue of the country during those terrible years; upon which we are now paying one hundred and eighty-three million dollars interest. In addition to this, we pay about one hundred and forty million dollars a year of pension money to the veterans and to their widows and children. In 1893, when we had the chance of studying the armaments of war in harmless models in our White City, the Victoria, England's pride, which had been displayed in the beautiful model in the Transportation building, playing at war on the calm sea in the full light of a beautiful Mediterranean summer day, went down from the playful stroke of a companion ship. The direct investment was estimated at three million dollars, and the *English Economist* at that time estimated that fifty years would not see the end of that financial catastrophe, for it carried in its wake a long list of orphans that necessitate orphanages, of pensioned widows, dependent families and broken homes. One of the memorable exhibits at our Exposition was the monster gun of Krupp, forty-six feet long, with seventeen-inch bore, weighing two hundred and thirty-four tons, throwing a projectile weighing twenty-five hundred pounds an estimated distance of twenty miles. The shell contained from seventy to eighty-eight pounds of explosive material,

and every time it was fired its awful gorge cost twelve hundred dollars. It had been forged in 1886. When exhibited here it was some seven years old. For the amusement of the experts it had delivered its hellish vomit sixteen times, which is equivalent to saying that it had blown away nineteen thousand two hundred dollars. Krupp is no sentimentalist. He did not create these things for his amusement. It was reported that during the Exposition he had sold four of these "babies," as they were called, to impoverished Italy for four millions of hard cash. In making these awful dogs of war, the Krupp family have built up one of the immense fortunes of Europe. Their factory represents the greatest steel works in the world. But big guns and iron-clad vessels are the smallest items in the expense bill of war. It is useless to try to estimate the cost of the military investiture in modern civilization. The standing armies, the fortifications, the expense, even in time of peace, involved by the military and naval forces even of our own United States, offer a footing that is startling.

But this is not a problem of dollars. The Maine carried down with it two hundred and sixty valiant men. We will admit that they died gloriously, that their lives came to a worthy end. The agonized world does not think of those who were thus released from the burdens and perplexities of life in the Havana harbor so much as it thinks of those who are left behind to carry burdens singly that were before shared; those who must face increased tasks with decreased cheer, those whose sky is henceforth to be permanently forecast. That disciplined crew left behind twice the number of mothers, wives, sisters and sweet-hearts. It dragged down the support of uncounted children. It left a submerged company of living victims. This is what made the list so pathetic.

The Baroness Von Suttner, the gifted daughter of an Austrian general, has gathered with the power of genius in her great story entitled "Ground Arms," some of the horrible realities of war on this human side. She heard the groan of the world and felt the burden of Europe, and, in spite of her military surroundings and martial ancestry, dared to speak out the hot indignation of a woman's heart. She speaks for the mothers who have grown weary of rearing boys to be shot at. She speaks for the wives who find no compensation in glory or martial display for sleepless nights while husbands are in the rifle-pits, although thereby some royal title may be righted, some political affront may be atoned, some cruel deaths may seem to be avenged by the perpetration of other deaths. She takes the reader into the inferno that follows the battle-field, and shows him the deadly pestilence that sooner or later stalks forth to complete the devastation which the cannon begins.

What the Baroness has done through the art of fiction, Veretschagen, the great Russian artist, has done with the brush. Some of you will remember with me those awful but inspired and revealing canvases that once were exhibited here in America; how they disclosed the horrors of the march, the sickening tedium of the camp, the prosaic misery of the hospitals, the ghastliness of the battle-field. His striking canvases went the rounds through the cities of Europe and America, shaming kings and queens, challenging those high in authority to beware how they let loose the grim dogs of war that leave such a painful train of agony behind them. No wonder that such an artist should become the terror of the iron-handed Czar. No wonder that the military forces of Germany forbade their exhibition at their recruiting stations because they depressed the spirit of enlistment, and that the British government denied them recognition, if reports are true, because they told such awful truths about their so-called "Christian" campaignings in India. No wonder that Veretschagen should have received the first Nobel prize from the bequest of the generous Skandinavian who has provided an annual prize of some twenty thousand dollars to be given to the one who makes the greatest argument against war and in the interest of peace by means of any of the arts.

But let these hints suffice, for words can only hint at the immeasurable agonies, the incalculable destruction, the infinite woe of mind that is suggested by war.

Is war ever justifiable? The universe is not sentimental. "The world," says Emerson in his essay on "Fate," "is rough and surly. The way of Providence is a little rude." In another place he says, "That culture is defective that neglects to arm a man." There are worse things than war. Perhaps there are more subtle enemies of life at work to-day than the brute passions, whether they be expressed by the individual or by the nation. The Corbetts and Sullivans do not menace American society to-day so much as our Ward McAllisters. There is more hope in the bully than in the dude. Better be a hero of brawn than a puppet of lace. We have more to fear from the selfish and cowardly in silk stockings than from the poor slaves of a passion that makes them wild for any unrealized good. Evolution gives us no sentimental philosophy. There is that which says that right must be maintained, that the oppressed must be relieved, the enslaved freed. If this cannot be done by the power of thought, then by the power of muscle. There have been, and there may be again, emergencies when love has need of bayonets, and the commanding harmonies of the Golden Rule may be belched forth from the mouth of cannon. I have no hesitation in saying, better Valley Forge and its desperate sufferings than that the virgin acres of a new continent, the rising hope of an enslaved humanity, should have been prostituted to the support of effeminacy and mortgaged for all time to an effete aristocracy. Better a Declaration of Independence, setting forth the clear rights of all men, at the cost of an eight-years' war, rather than that no star should ever shine from the blue field streaming with white and red, for the nourishing of human ideals. Better the awful carnage of Gettysburg and the Wilderness, the wearying vigils of the confronting rifle-pits of Vicksburg and Petersburg, than that human beings should be sold like cattle at the auction block, and home altars be desecrated by slave-owners' lust, as now all parties gladly concede.

Better men should die by hundreds of thousands, and women should meet the harder fate of living after them, than that a government "of the people, by the people, and for the people" should cease to be. Should this high emergency come in the future as in the past, there will be no other alternative. Then, in the interest of peace, we will say, let the war begin right here.

But let there be no "smoke in the flame." Let there be no ignoble motives in this plea for nobility, and no mixture of rowdyism barbarism, and bravado in our patriotism and our heroism. Much of the old spirit of chivalry was only refined barbarism. The old demand, that insulted honor must be atoned with blood, oftentimes covered very dishonorable deeds and unworthy motives. The ethics of dueling among gentlemen is past. The man who to-day carries a revolver in order to protect his good name or fame, is simply a law-breaker. He is a rowdy. The man who resents an insult with his fist, confesses in that act his incapacity to vindicate his manliness in any more manly fashion. There are some things that are better rebuked in the ignoring than in the resenting. But the ethics of dueling still obtains among nations, and an indignity to a flag is supposed to call forth promptly a method of retaliation and resentment which obtains only in the saloon and on the borders of civilization among individuals.

War, then, must be the last resort of human liberty. The sword can be justified only when drawn in the defense of the oppressed. I may carry my own wrongs, ignore my own insults, rise above the indignities offered to myself, but I may not stand by and see a brother man trampled upon or a woman's honor insulted without intercepting my mind and body. My right arm and my heart's blood are there needed and there called for.

Applying all this to the present painful condition in the United States, much of the feeling current, I confess, is to me sadly reactionary. All this clamor for war and eagerness to shoot, in order to vindicate the lives of the brave men who went down with the Maine, seems to me to savor of primitive barbarism and to represent the old ethics of the duel. Let us be in no rash haste to atone the pathetic death of our loyal three hundred by rushing to the slaughter of many hundreds more of guiltless Spanish soldiers; for, by no strategy of war can there be any hope that the immediate parties who were personally responsible for the dastardly explosion, whether they be in the army or out of it, Spaniards or Cubans, can be reached by any military movement of our government, on land or sea. Why this wild haste to anticipate the findings of the investigation committee? And, now that the United States commission has reported, why not, in the spirit of all fairness, wait patiently for the Spanish reply to the charge; and if they disagree with the findings of our court, why not submit the question at issue to the decision of some third impartial commission? And, after that, if the testimony still lays the ghastly deed at the door of the Spanish government, if the facts should be but another argument to prove that the Spanish government is a degenerate, that this gross violation of international law, as well as of the laws of heaven, proves Spain unworthy of confidence, even then do not the higher ethics and the nobler humanity call for a treatment of national degenerates that is akin to that which civilization demands for individual degenerates? They, too, are human. They are not so degenerate but that there are mothers' hearts to bleed, homes to be devastated, nerves to endure, and bodies to suffer.

All this in reference to the dishonor to the Maine and the indignity to the United States. This is a matter to be righted by the higher judgments and the nobler diplomacy. Here is an opportunity for some state papers that shall mark a new era for governmental documents and take their place among the epoch-making documents of the world. Who will write the Magna Charta of international law? Great will be the hand that frames it. O that the United States might be equal to its great opportunity!

But I see the starving children of Cuba. I hear the cries of anguished mothers, and see the emaciated frames of hunted revolutionists. Here, again, I would that our government might violate the conventionalities and disregard the formal etiquette of the international code of war. I would that our government should send vessels heavily laden with provisions and the necessary equipments of peace. This it must do; if necessary, with armed ships. Do it openly and above board; tell Spain that we cannot see our neighbors starve, and that we will not see them tortured and wronged. Let us plant our guns, if need be, to defend the women and children, to vindicate the right of any people to liberty and self-government, when they are able to prove that right by personality, by courage, and an insular situation, as Cuba has done. If war there is to be, let Spain, not the United States, dare take the initiative. The defense of our shores lies not in our armament, but in the integrity of our people and the dignity of our situation. These need no powder and ball to defend them. Weak and, for the most part, useless are our floating fortresses, which a package of dynamite can promptly send to the bottom of the sea. Say what we will, the whole armaments of the nations of the world to-day are relics of barbarism, survivals of primitive cruelty. Krupp, the great gun-maker, claims that he can throw a shot over the top of Mount Blanc; his testing-field is fourteen miles long, but his gun is but the last evolution of the savage's bow; and his shell, charged with dynamite, is the scientific evolution of the pebble which David, with his sling-shot, sank into the forehead of Goliath.

It has been a favorite saying among us that war will soon become self-destructive, that the instruments of death are becoming so perfected that they will eventually bring an end to war. But powder, as a peace-bringer, does not seem to be very much of a success. For a long time it was supposed to have been invented by a German monk, Bertholdus Schwartz, about 1320. But this religious origin has long since been disproved. The Moors are said to have introduced it into Spain, and it is pretty well established that it was used in China over two thousand years ago. As an instrument of war, powder has already been outgrown. Our own government has spent hundreds of thousands of dollars in developing smokeless explosives. Dynamite and gun-cotton are rendering powder obsolete. Prussia won her victories in 1870 by virtue of the needle-gun.

It will not do to reckon on the cowardice in man to bring about peace. Human nature is a nervy thing. There are no tasks so hard, no dangers so great, but the human soul will undertake the one and confront the other.

Neither can we hope to bring an end to war by simply appealing to the sentiments in the human heart. It will not do to bank on the sympathy in woman's nature any more than the cowardice in

man's, for woman can and will arm herself with that more exacting courage than man's, the courage that will enable her to face the more awful horrors that come after the battle without flinching. Indeed, war itself is an expression of the emotions. It represents the heart of man run wild, sentiments creating havoc in the world.

The only sure foundations of peace, as of all other progress, must be based in wisdom. Philosophy, not charity, science, not sentiment, must eventually come in to vindicate the law of love over and above the law of hate and of violence. We need to do more studying into this problem before we can have more religious light upon it. Once the genealogy of war is clearly understood and it is realized that the dominion of the cannon is nothing more nor less than the dominion of blood-thirsty primitive man intensified, the power of the cannon will be gone forever. Men will throw it aside, not because it hurts, nor yet because it costs, but because it does not accomplish what they hoped from it. So long as men believe that one race of men has come into the world under the smile of a divine partiality, or the citizens of one part of the globe have a right to control, direct, or appropriate the resources of another part of the globe, human life included, if only they can compel such tribute; so long as a king claims a dominion by divine right descended through bloody ancestry; so long as a priest claims a monopoly of celestial wisdom not to be disclosed to the uninitiated; so long as any association of men, religious, industrial or political, are unwilling to submit their claims to possessions, mental or physical, to the arbitrament of reason, so long will war be inevitable, though it continue in the future as in the past, to devastate, debauch, and debilitate the individual, the home, the state, and the world. Madam Von Suttner was right when she said, "Darwin inaugurated the era of peace." Evolution is the gospel that teaches the inadequacy of the law of might and the coming supremacy of the law of love. Moses was a revelator of war. He taught of the king of battles because he taught of a jealous God. In the fullness of time came another Jew who was a prophet of peace, because he taught the gospel of brotherhood and the potency of love. The Bible as an infallible revelation, miraculously handed down, its mysteries entrusted to the guardianship of Catholic or Protestant, Presbyterian, Methodist or Unitarian, is a war book. In it are the wicked wars of history justified, and by it there may be some further future wars necessitated. "If its dominancy cannot be maintained by love, then let it be established by fear," said John Calvin. And the torch was applied to the pile under the feet of the martyr Servetus. "If the truth cannot be maintained by logic, then let it be maintained by the power of scorn and ostracism," say those who sit on heresy trials.

Everything that makes for rationality, anything that probes through sham, that breaks down conventionality, that disarms prejudice, that puts the movement of mind in harmony with the movements of law, makes for peace. There will be no need of men to enter the thundering dominion of Krupp that sends his message of terror howling through twenty miles of space, or to wait for the devil-fish of Edison that goes sneaking under the water with two hundred and fifty pounds of dynamite in its bowels in search of some ship to blow up, and can give its hellish blow three miles away from the hand that directs it and touches the button. The self-propelling life-taker of Maxim, that kicks itself off until every cartridge in the magazine is exhausted, is not going to scare soldiers off the field; these are not going to put an end to war. There are plenty of men who will stand up and offer themselves a willing sacrifice to these Molochs; but the hope of peace lies rather in the knowledge and skill necessary to perfect these infernal prolongations of the claw and the fang, which form so prominent a feature in the lower stages of evolution. Eventually the developed intelligence will produce wares that will tempt a higher market, and war will be left behind like sorcery, witchcraft, the mutilations of the ascetic and the sacrificial slaughter of the priest; it will be left behind simply because the soul has found a better way, because man has found out something more important to live and die for. Humanity has moved on.

On the 28th day of April, 1892, Herr Krupp invited his majesty, the Emperor of Germany, to his practice ground at Meppen, and in his presence he threw a projectile out of his nine-and-a-half-inch gun, weighing four hundred pounds, that flew a distance of twelve and a half miles, the awful flight being made in seventy and two-tenths seconds. This was at that time the highest feat actually reached in gunnery, probably the highest up to date, a fact of some significance in the annals of war, but of much greater significance is it in the annals of industrial art, because then and there was made apparent the startling truth that the crown had got on the wrong head. Herr Krupp, who declines all titles, preferring the honor of being a master-workman and a conqueror of steel to being a duke or a lord, he, and not the other fellow, was king that day. The future safety and fame of the man who wore the crown may be dependent upon the steel gun made by the other. A shot too high or too low may change his destiny and alter his place in the world, but the future of that crownless king, Master Krupp, is quite independent of his guns; indeed, the gun was but a trifling incident in his mastery of steel. Right alongside of the war monster in the Krupp pavilion of the great Columbian Exposition, he showed his magnificent screw-shaft of forged steel for a great ocean steamer, a shaft which, with its connections, weighed one hundred and three tons. This, and not the other, drives the ships of commerce, of science and fraternity from continent to continent. The maker of that gun exhibited steel in its varying forms, reaching from a cambric needle to locomotive wheels. Spite of his gun, not on account of it, he is a member of the great democracy that makes for peace.

Maxim, the maker of the automatic gun that can sweep a mile range with seven hundred and fifty shots a minute, has in these last years been busy at work upon the airship, and when it comes into perfection, it will not be equipped for those naval fights above the clouds which Tennyson foresaw in that

> Ghastly dew
> From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue.

Because his other vision will have come true by virtue of intelligence and thought, the time will have come when

> The war-drum throbs no longer, and the battle-flags are furl'd
> In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world;

When the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe.
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law.

The sad story of the Maine disaster is a painful reminder that the seas of the world are dotted black with these grim dogs of war that are liable at any time to fall afoul of one another. O if the fell torpedo in the Havana harbor would only bring to us a sense of the disgraceful investments now made in the life-disturbing armaments of the so-called civilized world, the poor sailor-soldiers would not have died in vain! This passing incident, this act of treachery, is more effective argument to the human mind than the accumulated statistics of many wars. The imagination can summon before the mind's eye the blanched faces of the stricken women, the tear-stained widows caused by the one dastardly deed; but the mind is too weak to follow in any vivid realizing fashion the gory tracks of the Alexanders, Hannibals, Cæsars and Bonapartes of history. We have no way of computing the cost of war, because history's pages deaden our sensibilities and the statistics of the war department stagger our mind.

Let us have done with this gory honor. Let us rise above the hate even of imbecile and cruel men. Let us pity rather than annihilate even degenerate Spain; let us turn the white light of intelligence upon the sad situation, and it will hasten the time when swords shall be beaten into plowshares and spears into pruning-hooks. Let us feed the hungry, protect the injured, die for the oppressed any time, every time, always, whether such be found in the cotton-fields of America, on the sugar-plantations of Cuba, or in the far away valleys of Armenia; but let us do it in the interest of justice, not of national honor, with the fear of God and not of man in mind. Let us openly, above board, appeal to the better judgments of the world, throw ourselves unhesitatingly upon the better natures in all the nations of the world, and trust to the final verdict of history.

Said David Starr Jordan the other day, in addressing an audience of workingmen in San Francisco: "The institutions of altruism are better than the conditions of war. The 'survival of the fittest' means the survival of altruism. No nation was ever brushed from the face of the earth because of an excess of brotherly love."

Away with our standing armies. Let us have done with our war paint. The soul of the free man can be trusted. The old sneer of the "regular" concerning the "volunteer" is disarmed, because its assumption is disproved. The only respectable, and sometime we will say the only reliable, soldier is the volunteer soldier. The worst canker spot in civilization to-day is found where its standing armies are encamped. Let us have done with the silly trappings of toy soldiers. The writer in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," writing from an English standpoint, speaks of the "strange and unexpected readiness of the American citizen to meet the exigences of a terrible war." He gives the total armies of the United States from 1861 to 1865 as amounting to 2,656,053 men. He adds to this 1,100,000 in the Southern army, which gives the enormous footing of nearly four million soldiers drawn from a population of only thirty-two million. But even these figures sink into insignificance before the French uprising in 1793, and the figures of the Franco-Prussian war in 1871. "But," continues the writer, again referring to the American army, "the most astounding fact of all is that within three years the whole of these vast forces were peaceably disbanded and the army had shrunk to a normal strength of only thirty thousand."

Friends, let us hasten the day when the nations shall trust their destinies in the hands of their toiling citizens, not in the hands of their idle soldiers. The sweat-begrimed laborers in their individuality, not the polished soldiers in their uniforms, constitute our national guard. Alas for the country whose present or future honor is entrusted to its armies or navies! Hail to the country that rests both honor and dominion in the hands of its workingmen, its school teachers, its fathers and its mothers.

In Geneva, Switzerland, is the Alabama Hall. It is the room in which was settled by peaceful arbitration the great diplomatic question between the United States and Great Britain, springing out of the complications of the war for the Union. At any other time in the world's history this would have precipitated a terrible war. Its peaceable settlement, a victory to both sides, was the first great bloodless diplomatic triumph that the world ever knew. Both nations came out triumphant, because England and America there triumphed over their prejudices. They bowed in submission before the goddess of equity, and in this submission there was no humiliation to either party. Who will say that what was done at Geneva concerning the Alabama claim, cannot be done at some other place in regard to the sad and wicked catastrophe of the Maine in the Havana harbor? In that same city of Geneva, Clara Barton, the American nurse, led in the greatest piece of international diplomacy the world has ever known, the diplomacy which lifted the Red Cross, the banner of suffering humanity, above all the flags of the world. Where it waves is eternal peace. Universal amnesty has come to the non-combatants. We have but to extend this amnesty to cover the able-bodied as well as the cripples, knowing that the right will be defended in other ways. In that Alabama Hall in Geneva, there rests to-day a plow literally made from the swords and other trophies of our last war, made out of the contributions from both sides. It was the pride of our centennial exposition. It rests there under the protection of the little Republic of Switzerland, a perpetual symbol of that coming warfare which will be the contest of mind for the rights of the weakest, the standing army of principle marshalled whenever necessary in the courts of arbitration.

In this connection, it is well to remember, also, how the skill of the bell-makers of Albany was taxed in their efforts to forge a peace bell out of war material. The "relics" from many sources were fused in their caldron. The elements were hard to blend. Twice was it cast, each time coming out with flaws or cracks. But the third time the materials blended, and the peace bell rang clear and strong its notes of harmony. It started around the world with its message of peace, but it encountered commercial entanglements. Humiliating debts thwarted its triumphant march. I know not where it now is, but eventually the peace bell will be heard, and it will ring out liberty throughout all the world, and declare freedom to every land; head and heart will be summoned by it to give to another's good, to work not for the special ascendancy and

the selfish glory of one nation, but the elevation of all into a harmony that will ring out in great hallelujahs of joyful peace, deafening the roar of the gunpowder, silencing the cannon itself, a peace on earth and good will to men that shall become corporate, organic, national, international, universal, and eternal.

For many years I have been calling for an international emblem, a "Banner of Peace" that will do for the humanities of religion, science, art, commerce, the universalities of life, what the Red Cross flag does for the humanities of the helpless and the suffering. An organization has recently been perfected to this end, and it offers its symbol, a tricolor of yellow, purple and white, with soaring wings bearing clasped hands, a beautiful suggestion; but I like better the earlier suggestion which proposed that each nation shall border its own flag with white in all its peace-seeking and peace-making activities. I hope the time is not far distant when over every schoolhouse, library, church, courthouse, museum, ship of commerce, indeed everywhere except over the belongings of our army and navy, will float the American flag bordered with white, and that this flag may be the accepted symbol of the United States except in the dire moments and over the grim accoutrements of war. Let the eagle that tips the flagstaff of this flag stand upon a globe belted with the word, "HUMANITY." Let the United States lead and ask for the co-operation and confirmation of the emblem by other nations to be used in similar ways. Will you not help the agitation in the interest of this symbol?

The Christopher that discovered America will then, indeed, become a Christ-bearer. His passion to find a new way across the sea was fanned into a flame by the higher passion to feed human hearts and to save souls. And, ultimately, America will vindicate the Columbian passion and fulfill the Columbian dream. For this let us work in patience, under reproach if need be, taking, if necessary, the insults we will not stoop to resent except after the divine fashion of Him who said, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Love's Work.

A century since, in the north of Europe, stood an old cathedral, upon one of the arches of which was a sculptured face of wondrous beauty. It was long hidden, until one day the sun's light, striking through a slanted window, revealed its matchless features. And ever after, year by year, upon the days when, for a brief hour, it was thus illuminated, visitors came, and waited eagerly to catch but a glimpse of the face. It had a strange history. When the cathedral was being built, an old man, broken with the weight of years and care, came and besought the architect to let him work upon it. Out of pity for his age, but fearing lest his failing sight and trembling touch might mar some fair design, the master set him to work in the shadows of the vaulted roof. One day they found the old man asleep in death, his face upturned to this other marvelous face, which he had wrought there,—the face of one whom he had loved and lost in his early manhood. And when the artists and sculptors and workmen, from all parts of the cathedral, came and looked upon that face, they said: "This is the grandest work of all: it is the work of love."

The Sunday School.

The Religions of the World.

SATURDAY EVENING TALKS BY THE PASTOR OF ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO, REPORTED BY E. H. W.

XV. INDIA.—THE RAMAYANA AND THE MAHA-BHARATA.

The Ramayana and the Maha-bharata are the companion epics of Hindustan, and have been called the Iliad and the Odyssey of the East. The age of the Ramayana is variously estimated by scholars. Sir Monier Williams places it at about 500 B.C., but thinks the first orderly arrangement was not made until about the beginning of the third century B.C., while a portion of it may have been written still later. The completion of the Maha-bharata in its present form is placed at about the beginning of the second century A.D. Neither of these poems has been wholly translated for the benefit of European readers. The Maha-bharata has been given us in fragments by Max Müller, Sir Monier Williams and others, and most sympathetically of all in Sir Edwin Arnold's "Indian Idylls" and "Song Celestial." It is a compilation of legends loosely strung together, and is said to be inferior to its companion epic in beauty and artistic finish.

The Ramayana is nearly twice as long as Robert Browning's "Ring and the Book," the longest poem in the English tongue. It is most available to English readers in a translation of a translation called "The Iliad of the East: A Selection of Legends Drawn from Valmika's Sanskrit Poem, The Ramayana." The first translation was done by Monsieur Fauche, the second by Frederika Richardson.

This poem is the story of Rama, a favorite prince, whose father was driven by the jealousy of a second wife to send him in exile to the wilderness for a space of fourteen years. Thither, much against his will, he was accompanied by his beautiful wife, Sita, and his faithful brother, Lakshmana, and love and loyalty wove a happy nest among the perils of an Indian wilderness. Here the three lived happily together until the fame of Sita's beauty reached the court of Ravana, the demon king, who lived on the island of Ceylon, and who immediately sent one of his attendant demons to carry her off to his palace. Rama and the good brothers set off in pursuit, and through the aid of a friendly vulture they found the city of the monkey king, who readily became their ally and marched to Sita's rescue with an army of ten million monkey subjects, though from their prodigal use of large numbers, we suspect our narrators had not learned to count less than a million. However, the demon king was killed, his army destroyed, and Sita was restored to her husband. The noble vulture paid his life for his loyalty, and the description of his death is a passage of almost matchless pathos and beauty.

The Maha-bharata contains 220,000 lines. It is divided into eighteen parts, and each part is a good-sized volume. The main story occupies about one-fifth of the entire book, and runs like this: There were three brothers in the royal line. The eldest was blind, the second was an invalid, and the third had a taint of plebeian blood, so that none of them could be king. The eldest had a hundred sons, the

second had five, splendid fellows and nobly born. They fought the hundred cousins for many years, and finally the five were successful, and the eldest was crowned on a gold throne. But he was soon tired of reigning. He gave up the kingdom to his brothers and started to walk to heaven. His wife and his dog followed him, and the brothers made up their minds to go too. The way was long and the wife and brothers fell, one after another, and when Yodisthara reached the gate of heaven, there was no one with him but his dog. An angel came to take him through the gate, but he said, "Where are my brothers and my wife? I will not go in without them.' But the angel said, "They are on their way; come in, and they will follow you." Then Yodisthara said, "But I can't go in without my faithful hound." And the angel replied, "No dogs can come in here. They are a desecration." "Then leave me," said Yodisthara; "I will stay outside with my dog." But the dog disappeared, and in his stead there was a shining one who said, "I have been following you all the way to test you." Then Yodisthara went into heaven, but because he could nowhere find his wife and brothers, he took the left-hand road down to hell, to see if he could find them there. An angel was sent to follow him, with instructions to bring him back if he grew discouraged; but he pressed on and in, and told the angel to go back, for he should stay until he found his wife and brothers. But wherever he went a cooling breeze began to blow. The fires went out, and angels heard how the place had changed, and began to leave heaven to come and live in hell.

It is hard to realize that such ideals were in vogue in the Indian jungles over two thousand years ago. When old Father Taylor said, "It would never do to send Emerson to hell, the climate would change, and the tide of immigration would set in that way," such a sentiment was too radical and dangerous for many Christians. Yet here we find the same thought worked out perhaps two hundred years before Jesus was born,—The idea of the brotherhood of man, broadened enough to take in the dog. And now the descendants of the very people, among whom those ideals grew, and who are as familiar with these poems as we are with the New Testament, are the people who, according to the assumption of our missionaries, are going to hell unless we teach them how to go to heaven. Certainly their practice does not reach these high standards of excellence, but neither does ours reach the New Testament ideals. Neither they nor we will be saved by texts.

While both of these poems contain monstrous absurdities and instances of child-like exaggeration, they often bring wonderful revelations of richness and mellowness. The dignity and tenderness found in the animal kingdom suggest the sources of Rudyard Kipling's inspiration in his stories of the jungle. In both poems we are not seldom shocked by details, to be again and again touched by a sublimity or a pathos unsurpassed by anything in ancient or modern literature. Their similarity to the Homeric poems has led scholars to suspect a strain of Greek influence, but they contain not a few passages which might cause Homer to blush for his own lower conceptions.

"Let us be content, in work,
To do the thing we can, and not presume
To fret because it's little."

The Study Table.

Two New Numbers of Life Studies.*

THE MISSION OF THE SNOW-FLAKE.

Marion D. Shutter finds this mission to be one of revelation and inspiration—revelation of the divine, and of the presence of God in nature everywhere and at all times; inspiration to poets and prophets from the days of the Psalmist till now. The snow-flake's mission seems to be as well to serve as a text for several practical little sermons in Mr. Shutter's mind, which have not as much to do with the snow-flake as with the better life.

TRANSFORMATION.

With the scientific achievement of the century as a text, which for him is summed up in the word, transformation, Mr. Chadwick preaches an excellent sermon on the conversion of energy along moral and spiritual lines. It is the same old lesson of finding or rather making "good in everything," and of changing our sorrows and failures into blessings and successes, put in a very pertinent, practical and convincing manner. A. T. L.

A Japanese Unitarian Book.

I am just in receipt of a handsome volume of some three hundred pages, published in Tokio, Japan (in Japanese), devoted to the task of setting forth the Unitarian view of religion. It is partly a compilation from the writings of Dr. James Freeman Clarke, Dr. M. J. Savage, Dr. Bixby, Rev. Charles F. Dole, and Rev. Clay MacCauley, and partly the original thought of Mr. Saichiro Kanda, the general secretary of the Japan Unitarian Association. I am sorry that I am not enough of a Japanese scholar to give a full account of the book. I can only give its table of contents; but this is interesting and suggestive, and shows well the general scope of the work. The volume is significant as coming from Japan, where Unitarian thought is being disseminated widely, and is taking a strong hold among the educated classes, and where it is already having a marked effect in broadening and liberalizing the creeds of the orthodox Christian denominations. I am sure the readers of THE NEW UNITY will be interested in the table of contents of this book:

God:—About God; God as ultimate cause; God in the human soul; truth; authority; providence.

Man:—About man; man's will; man's habits; universal life; awakening of soul; human society.

Religion:—About religion; Bible; inspiration; faith; worship; prayer; religious rites; order and miracle; death and hereafter; immortality of the soul; gospel.

Ethics:—About morality; conscience; duty; the problem of evil; punishment; forgiveness of sin.

Holy Men:—About holy men; Jesus Christ; incarnation; teachings of holy men.

Unitarianism:—Its principles and general beliefs; a sketch of its origin and history; comparison between orthodoxy and liberal faith; a statement of the faith of the writer.

A popular work on Unitarianism, covering this ground, would be of value in this country as well as in Japan. J. T. S.

Ann Arbor, Mich.

*THE MISSION OF THE SNOW-FLAKE. Marion D. Shutter. Pamphlet, 6 cts. Boston. James H. West, publisher.

*TRANSFORMATION. John W. Chadwick. Pamphlet, 6 cts.

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—The ties which bind the race into one bundle are divinely strong and close.
MON.—Natural law loses none of its naturalness in the higher domains, and is no less uniform in its reign.
TUES.—The cure of suffering is the recognition of its friendly mission.
WED.—As men live outside of self, the divine in them is uncovered.
THURS.—Giving and receiving are found to be but the different sides of one whole.
FRI.—As darkness is the mere absence of light, so evil displaced by good fades to its native nothingness.
SAT.—Every sequence is not a matter of chance, but of law.

HENRY WOOD.

"The Baby."

Such a tiny little bit of a mite—
And he came in the night,
To my home! All alone.

Such a wee little bit of a baby boy,
Our new Christmas toy!
Ah, he knows! How he crows!

We may put him to bed,
If we care for his head,
It's so new—it just grew!

We may keep him forever,
Our most precious treasure;
We may dress him,—caress him,—

And when he grows bigger
And gets a stiff "figger"
He'll walk—and he'll talk.

Then we'll teach him to play
And to sing! And to say,
How do you do? How are you?

When his legs stand up straight
We'll teach him to skate
On the ice. That's so nice.

And he never shall leave us,
Mamma wouldn't deceive us,—
He's our own—all alone.

MARGERY ALLIS NORRIS.

An Humble Faith.

A young mother of English descent was resting in one of the wards of a hospital, awaiting the fast approaching hour when a serious operation was to be performed, which was to give her health and a reunion with her husband and little children, or to carry her out into the unknown.

Weeks before, she had left her family in their Canadian home, knowing that "Papa David," as little William called him, would be a tender father until her return. Away off, in a little cottage in a New Hampshire town, her father and mother were anxiously awaiting news of her condition. Day by day she had been gaining strength to go through the trial, and now the day had come, the hour would soon be here.

Long and earnestly this young mother had prayed to her Heavenly Father; she had poured out her heart to him; told all her longing to get well and go home to her little children and her good husband. She had prayed for strength to go through the coming hours, and, having left all in the keeping of him who tempers the winds to the shorn lamb, reached out for her writing material, intending to pen a letter to both her husband and her parents.

A voice within checked her. It said: "Is your faith so weak that you cannot trust all in the Father's hands? You have asked these things of him, and now you are going to repeat the charge to others. Cannot you trust the kind and tender Father?" She laid back upon her pillow, saying: "Not my will, but Thine, be done."

Her prayer was answered. She lived, and is now with "Papa David," while the children, Sophia and chubby little William, cluster about her knee to say their evening prayer. SARAH M. BAILEY.

Just One Request.

A well-known journalist vouches for the authenticity of this anecdote of the Czar Nicholas, who, returning from paying an early visit to one of his daughters, noticed at the door of the hotel a young man with a cigar in his mouth. Nicholas could not tolerate the smell of tobacco.

"You are a foreigner, sir?" he asked.

"Yes, general," was the reply; "I have just returned from Paris."

"Then you are unaware that smoking in the streets of St. Petersburg is forbidden. I warn you, lest your ignorance get you into trouble."

"Thanks, general;" and the Parisian threw away his cigar.

But if smoking were not allowed, neither was it permitted to address the emperor; and scarcely had the latter passed out of sight when two police officers approached the traveler and he was soon on his way to the station.

When the superintendent questioned him he told his story; how an officer in general's uniform, who was passing, had advised him to throw away his cigar and he had at once done so.

"And you didn't know who the general was?"

"I did not."

The official set the Frenchman at liberty, and made his report to the chief of the third section.

The latter, thinking the adventure might have some unpleasant political consequence, decided to inform the emperor of what had happened.

"Go find the traveler," his majesty ordered.

When the officer in uniform came to his hotel, the poor Frenchman had visions of Siberia and began to regret bitterly having yielded to his desire to visit "The Empire of the North." He was only restored to his usual equanimity when Nicholas explained to him the cause of his unpleasant adventure.

"Forget the little misunderstanding," added the emperor. "And if you remain any time in Russia it will give me pleasure to prove to you that we are not as uncivilized as we may seem."

"Since your majesty is so kind," replied the traveler, "may I make one request?"

"What is it?"

"That if your majesty should meet me again you would kindly ignore me."—*Exchange.*

Birds of prey are able to look at the sun without being dazzled, because there is a membrane under their eyelids which they can pull down at will.

A 24-page Weekly.

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The Liberal Field.

"The Word is my Sword. It is good to my Religion."

DEATH OF MRS. DEAN.—In the passing away of Mrs. Mary Dean, wife of Rev. Amos Dean, Universalist, Unitarian and Liberal Christian, there has been removed from the field of "The Sword and the Trowel" one of the most militant champions of liberal religion that the writer has known. The pioneer life of the early settlers of Illinois, Indiana and Wisconsin was a severe test of character. Those who could not endure the hardships and privations of the frontier were driven back to the older settlements. Those who could endure, developed a sturdy manhood and womanhood which has left its impress upon the whole subsequent history of the Northwest. Mrs. Dean was a woman of this type. She was a pioneer in the truest sense of the word. She was a pioneer in the days when pioneering was a hard and thankless task. She was a pioneer in the days when pioneering was a glorious privilege. She was a pioneer in the days when pioneering was a necessity. She was a pioneer in the days when pioneering was a duty. She was a pioneer in the days when pioneering was a joy. She was a pioneer in the days when pioneering was a sacrifice. She was a pioneer in the days when pioneering was a triumph. She was a pioneer in the days when pioneering was a failure. She was a pioneer in the days when pioneering was a success. She was a pioneer in the days when pioneering was a mystery. She was a pioneer in the days when pioneering was a revelation. She was a pioneer in the days when pioneering was a miracle. She was a pioneer in the days when pioneering was a dream. She was a pioneer in the days when pioneering was a reality. She was a pioneer in the days when pioneering was a memory. She was a pioneer in the days when pioneering was a legend. She was a pioneer in the days when pioneering was a myth. She was a pioneer in the days when pioneering was a fact. She was a pioneer in the days when pioneering was a truth. She was a pioneer in the days when pioneering was a lie. She was a pioneer in the days when pioneering was a mistake. She was a pioneer in the days when pioneering was a success. She was a pioneer in the days when pioneering was a failure. She was a pioneer in the days when pioneering was a triumph. She was a pioneer in the days when pioneering was a sacrifice. She was a pioneer in the days when pioneering was a joy. She was a pioneer in the days when pioneering was a duty. She was a pioneer in the days when pioneering was a necessity. She was a pioneer in the days when pioneering was a privilege. She was a pioneer in the days when pioneering was a dream. She was a pioneer in the days when pioneering was a reality. She was a pioneer in the days when pioneering was a memory. She was a pioneer in the days when pioneering was a legend. She was a pioneer in the days when pioneering was a myth. She was a pioneer in the days when pioneering was a fact. She was a pioneer in the days when pioneering was a truth. She was a pioneer in the days when pioneering was a lie. She was a pioneer in the days when pioneering was a mistake.

[illegible] Dean was a woman of Boston with the [illegible] joined with her husband in the work of [illegible] neighborhood in St. Paul. We also learn that the [illegible] contributed generously to additions of [illegible] and [illegible] through the kindness of Trustee [illegible] of St. Louis.

TOPICS.—Edward Everett Hale has been in Washington stirring up the [illegible] generally, setting things right a little right way. * * * A. H. [illegible] veteran of the Western Unitarian Conference is passing through a Big Rapids Mich. Twenty years ago there was a promising beginning there, but about passed out of sight. * * * The Rev. Mr. Gebauer is being heartily enjoyed at Alton. * * * The little Unity Church at Humboldt, Ill., which during the year has been [illegible] in its [illegible] completion, [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] and the young people [illegible]. * * * Several Butterworths [illegible] accident that a few years ago deprived him of both his feet, is making the rounds of Southern Illinois, and is pleased in many places.

FORT DODGE, IOWA.—The Unity Church in this place is making splendid [illegible] have moved from their [illegible] and are now in a very pleasant [illegible] with an average congregation of three hundred and seventy readers of THE NEW UNITY in Fort Dodge will move in sight. We have all this is encouraging to us, and as an evidence of how the [illegible] are [illegible] and [illegible] co-operative spirit in THE NEW UNITY. Perhaps if some of the [illegible] readers would [illegible] to help them, we could normally grow.

A Peculiar Incident.

An incident occurred at the W. C. T. U. State convention at Canajoharie, New York, which is [illegible] and ill progress and [illegible] [illegible] to [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

"WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD."

A CHORUS OF FAITH

AS HEARD IN THE

PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS

HELD IN

CHICAGO, SEPT. 10 TO 27, 1893.

A Book of Selections Giving Points of Harmony Between the Representatives of the Various Religions,

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

This compilation contains one hundred and sixty-seven extracts, from one hundred and fifteen different authors, all of them taken from the utterances of the main Parliament. Handsomely bound in full silk cloth, gilt top and sides. Price (post-paid), $1.25.

A FEW PRESS NOTICES.

A CHORUS OF FAITHS.—This little book is a compilation, but one in which so much discrimination is evidenced, and so many side-lights are thrown on the main question, that it is an inspiration from beginning to end. It is, as the compiler says, a book "with a purpose," and a most worthy one—that of establishing a recognition of the unity of all religions. It is a gathering up of the fragments that were left, after the great Parliament of Religions, the crowning event of the centuries, which took place in connection with the World's Fair in Chicago. "Not revolution, but evolution," is the hopeful possibility from Mr. Jones's point of view. He says:

Existing churches will remain, but their emphasis will be changed more and more from dogma to creed, from profession to practice. From out their creed-bound walls will come an ever-increasing throng, upon whose brows will rest the radiance of the sunrise; whose hearts will glow with the fervid heat of the Orient, intensified with the scientific convictions of the Occident. These people will demand a church that will be as inclusive in its spirit as the Parliament. The Parliament will teach people that there is a universal religion. This must have its teachers, and it will have its churches. This universal religion is not made of the shreds and tatters of other religions. It is not a patchwork of pieces cut out of other faiths, but it is founded on those things which all religions hold in common, the hunger of the heart for comradeship, the thirst of the mind for truth, the passion of the soul for usefulness. In morality the voices of the prophets blend, and the chorus is to become audible throughout the world. In ethics all religions meet. Gentleness is everywhere and always a gospel. Character is always revelation. All writings that make for it are scripture.

Thus in this "Chorus of Faiths" we have a new scripture. What more helpful in the building of character than a record of the noble sayings at that first meeting of the fraternity of religions? Into the world's magnificent thought-treasury is now poured the very cream of religious utterance, which, notwithstanding different races, colors, costumes, characteristics, education, languages, still insists that the one law is love, the one service loving. All light comes from one source. All rays converge to one center. The one center is found at the Parliament, and that center is photographed, as it were, in the "Chorus of Faiths."

From first to last Mr. Jones has dwelt upon statements that stand for unity, has chosen those eloquent and heartfelt representative addresses that most clearly demonstrate the feeling of brotherhood. Even in the arrangement and classification of topics he has shown a rare discriminative faculty, and a loving desire to hold up the finely woven and most perfect pattern of human ideals. After the purposeful introduction, and the words of greeting given by different delegates from home and foreign lands, we find the record proceeding under such significant headings as "Harmony of the Prophets," "Holy Bibles," "Unity in Ethics," "Brotherhood," "The Soul," "The Thought of God," "The Crowning Day," "Farewell," and "Appendix." Under each of these topics is grouped the corresponding views of the different religions, and the thread of unity is most vividly maintained and easily discerned. In the grand "Chorus" there is no discord. Every voice strikes the keynote, and an outburst of harmony is the result.

To the one who thinks, speaks, and lives for Unity, this task of bringing out the unity of revelation, of purpose, of aspiration, of faith, of accomplishment, has evidently been but a delightful privilege, which may be appreciated, if not shared, by those who read the book. As a literary production the "Chorus of Faiths" is a clean-cut cameo profile of the Parliament of Religions.

In conclusion, in the words of a thoughtful and earnest woman: "The keynote of the Parliament in Chicago was the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man. We predict that the keynote of the next Parliament will be the Motherhood of God and the Womanhood of man."—HELEN VAN-ANDERSON, *in the Arena*.

A CHORUS OF FAITH.—The Parliament of Religions in Chicago marked an epoch in the world's religious thought. It was a convention in which men of every creed and race met in amity and charity to compare their deepest and most sacred thoughts. Matters of difference were not made prominent. The real kernel of religion was sought far beneath the burrs and husks that have too often and too long been the only vision of the initiated and hostile.

The record of the great convocation is a surprise to its most ardent friends. Words that were said by Buddhist might have been transposed into the mouth of the Romanist, while the Greek Church found its utmost essence not differing from the highest thought of its arch-enemy under the Crescent. Through all the discourses ran a harmony of thought promising a new day in religions when men shall cease to wrangle over their differences and shall magnify their points of likeness and endeavor to get closer together.

It was necessary that a compiler in touch with those present and in love with the subject should put the thought of this great assembly into popular form. Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, whose heart is in deepest sympathy with the broadest religious thought, and who, as secretary of the general committee, furnished much of the motive force of the movement, made a careful study of the entire work of the Parliament and has admirably succeeded in the task of popularizing its proceedings.

It is much more than the work of any one man, however eminent in the field of religion, and Mr. Jones can well claim great success in compilation. It gives the best thought of the best minds in the world to-day.—*Ansonia Sentinel, Ansonia, Conn.*

"A Chorus of Faith" might well be styled an echo of the Parliament of Religions, held in Chicago, September 10 to 27, 1893. In the pleasing form in which the volume has been compiled, the echo should reverberate through all time to come. The introduction is from the pen of the well-known Jenkin Lloyd Jones, while numerous poems of great beauty and worth from the pens of our greatest poets enliven the pages of the volume and give to the extracts from the numerous essays read before the Religious Parliament a touch of poetry which goes far toward enhancing the interest of the work, however valuable in themselves the abstracts and fragments of religious essays may be. The laymen, as well as theologists will find much in the "Chorus of Faith" to interest them. The religious broadness of the volume is best illustrated by an extract from the remarks of Rev. Joseph Cook, in which he said: "A religion of delight in God, not merely as Saviour, but as Lord also, is scientifically known to be a necessity to the peace of the soul, whether we call God by this name or the other, whether we speak of him in the dialect of this or that of the four continents or this or that of the ten thousand isles of the sea."—*Current Topics.*

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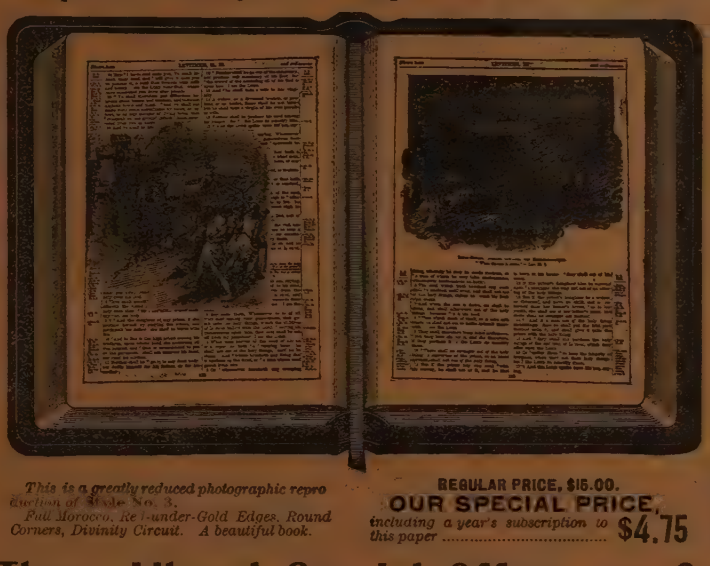

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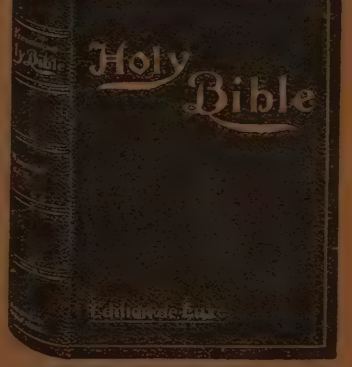

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A CALL!

An Iowa Liberal Congress of Religion

CO-OPERATING WITH THE

NATIONAL LIBERAL CONGRESS

WILL BE HELD AT

Cedar Rapids, Iowa, April 26, 27, 28, 1898

THE INVITATION

All under whose eyes this notice may fall, of any church or of no church, who are willing to come together for the study of the essentials of religion as things of the spirit and purpose, rather than of speculative opinion: things too great for dogmatic expression, and too exalted for credal affirmation or denial: all those who desire to see the world become better, and are willing to work together for this betterment, are cordially invited to this meeting.

We would make it in the largest sense inter-denominational, we mean to forget our differences that we may the better deliberate upon our common privileges and duties.

In the best possible way the meeting will be fraternal, not sectarian. *We will erect no walls of separation not already existing. We will aim to ignore them all, while emphasizing the great commandments — love to God, and equal love to our fellows.*

The Congress is to be held in the Universalist Church, corner of Third Avenue and Sixth street, only three blocks from the Union Station.

As far as possible, visitors will be met at the trains and directed to the church, where a committee will be in waiting to assign them places of entertainment. To such as prefer a hotel, arrangements have been made at the Grand, at rates varying from $2.50 to $4.00 per day.

It is very desirable that persons expecting to attend will inform the Secretary a little in advance of their coming, that places may be ready for them.

The program is not yet ready for publication, but we can announce that the opening sermon will be given by Rev. Dr. Thomas, of Chicago, on Tuesday evening, April 25, and that Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Secretary, and other representatives of the National Congress will be present.

Come you in churches and you outside of churches; spread the news; extend this notice. Send to the Secretary for copies of this call and send them to your friends.

For further information apply to the Secretary, J. H. PALMER,
520 8th Ave., Cedar Rapids, Ia.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS AND INVITATIONS:

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In further exemplification of the spirit of the above call and the purpose of the meeting, we print as supplementary matter the following card of the General Congress. For further particulars concerning the work of this Congress, address the General Secretary, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, 3939 Langley Ave., Chicago, or subscribe for the organ of the Congress, THE NEW UNITY, published weekly, 185 Dearborn St. Chicago. $2.00 per annum.

TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion; to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in organization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future.
—From Articles of Incorporation of the Liberal Congress of Religion.

NULLIFICATION AND SECESSION

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The *New York Sun* devotes to its review a whole page.

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JUDGE GEDDES of Michigan says: "The clear, terse, and vigorous style in which it is written is most admirable, and will give it not only popularity, but permanent value. It is as fascinating as a novel."

JUDGE BALDWIN of Indiana, writes a long review in which he says: "Mr. Powell has made a distinct and valuable contribution to our history. The book is full of profound and suggestive thoughts, and no one can rise from its perusal any more than from that other book, 'Our Heredity from God,' without new ideas and increased respect for its author's ability and industry."

EX-GOVERNOR HOYT, chairman of the committee of one hundred on the National University, writes: "The volume should be read by all Americans. The time has come when the whole broad question of difference between North and South should be justly dealt with, and you have bravely and handsomely led the way."

B. O. FLOWER, founder of the *Arena*, says: "I am delighted with your work. Not only the last chapter which is one of the best things I ever read; but, the entire volume is eminently fair, and your grasp of the subject broad and comprehensive."

LYON G. TYLER, president of William and Mary College, writes: "I am much gratified at the great amount of judicial investigation, so different from the old partisan spirit."

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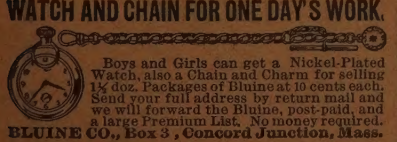

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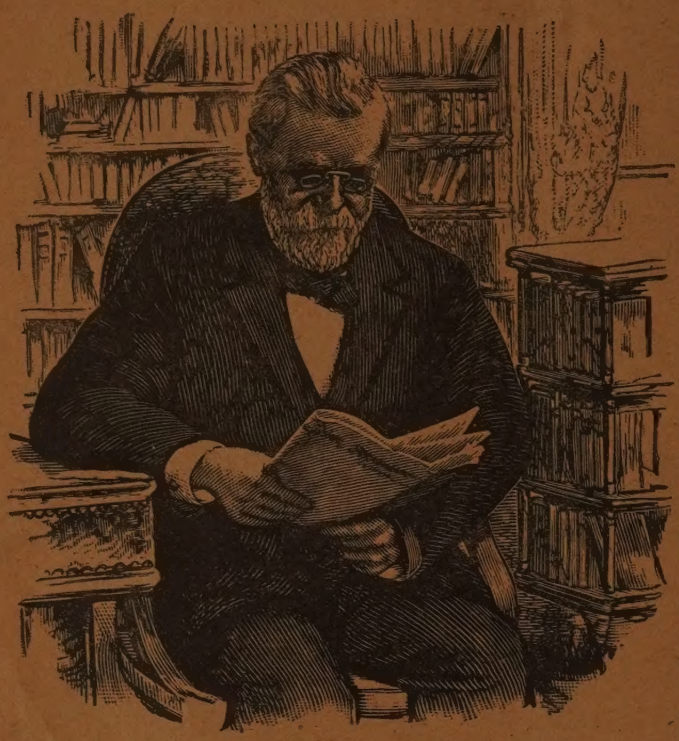

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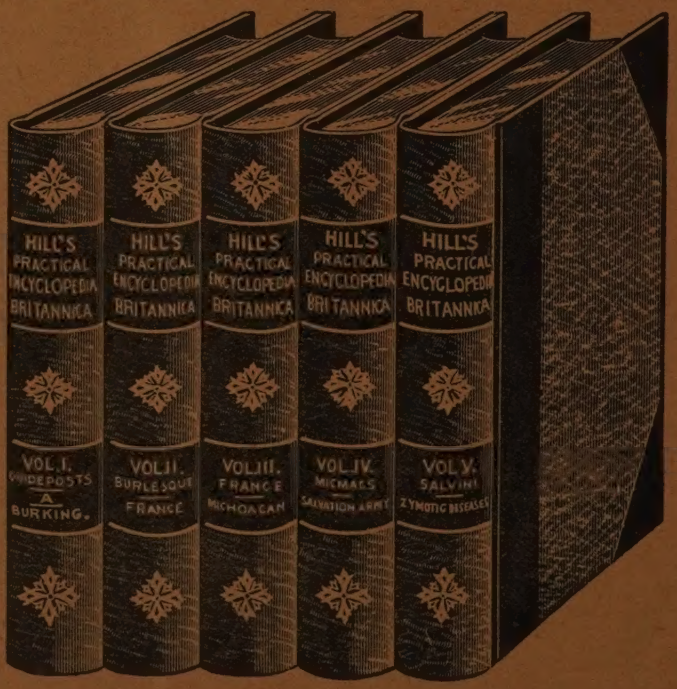

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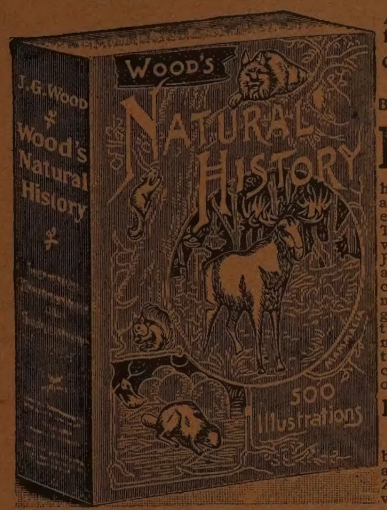

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ALL SOULS CHURCH, corner Oakwood Boulevard and Langley Avenue. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Minister.

CENTRAL CHURCH (Independent), Central Music Hall. N. D. Hillis, Minister.

CHURCH OF OUR FATHER (Universalist), 844 Burling Street. Pastor, Rev. Robert Jardine, D.Sc. Morning services, 10:45; Sunday School, 12:15 P.M.; Meeting of Y. P. C. U., 7:30 P.M.

CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH (Unitarian), corner of Michigan Avenue and 23d Street. W. W. Fenn, Minister.

CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER (Universalist), corner of Warren Avenue and Robey Street. T. B. Gregory, Minister.

INDEPENDENT LIBERAL CHURCH, Martin's Academy, 333 Hampden Court, Lake View. Mrs. Celia Parker Woolley, Minister.

ISAIAH TEMPLE (Jewish), Oakland Club Hall, Ellis Avenue and 39th Street. Joseph Stolz, Minister.

K. A. M. CONGREGATION (Jewish), Indiana Avenue and 33d Street. M. Perez Jacobson, Minister.

MEMORIAL CHAPEL (Unitarian), corner Fifty-seventh Street and Lexington Avenue. Rev. W. W. Fenn preaches Sunday afternoons and evenings.

OAK PARK UNITY CHURCH (Universalist). R. F. Johonnot, Minister.

PEOPLES' CHURCH (Independent), McVicker's Theatre, Madison Street, near State. H. W. Thomas, Minister.

RYDER MEMORIAL CHURCH, (Universalist), Sheridan Avenue and 64th Street. Sunday services 11 A.M. and, 8 P.M.; Sunday School, 9:30 A.M.; Young People's Christian Union, 7 P.M. Devotional Meeting, Wednesdays at 8 P.M. Rev. Frederick W. Miller, Minister; residence, The Colonial, 6325 Oglesby Avenue.

SINAI CONGREGATION (Jewish) Indiana Avenue and 21st Street. E. G. Hirsch, Minister.

SOCIETY FOR ETHICAL CULTURE, Steinway Hall. W. M. Salter, Lecturer.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH (Universalist), Prairie Avenue and 28th Street. A. J. Canfield, Minister.

STEWART AVENUE UNIVERSALIST CHURCH, Stewart Avenue and 65th Street. R. A. White, Minister.

TEMPLE ISRAEL, Memorial Baptist Church, Oakwood Boulevard. I. S. Moses, Minister.

THIRD UNITARIAN CHURCH, Lewis Institute. F. C. Southworth, Minister.

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UNITY CHURCH (Unitarian), corner of Dearborn Avenue and Walton Place. J. S. Thomson, Minister.

ZION CONGREGATION (Jewish), corner Washington Boulevard and Union Park.

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